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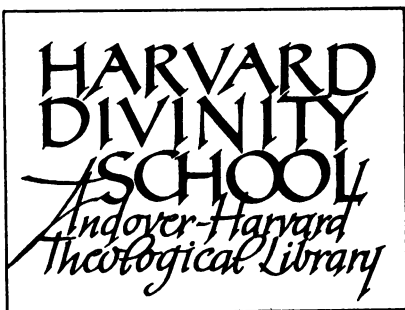
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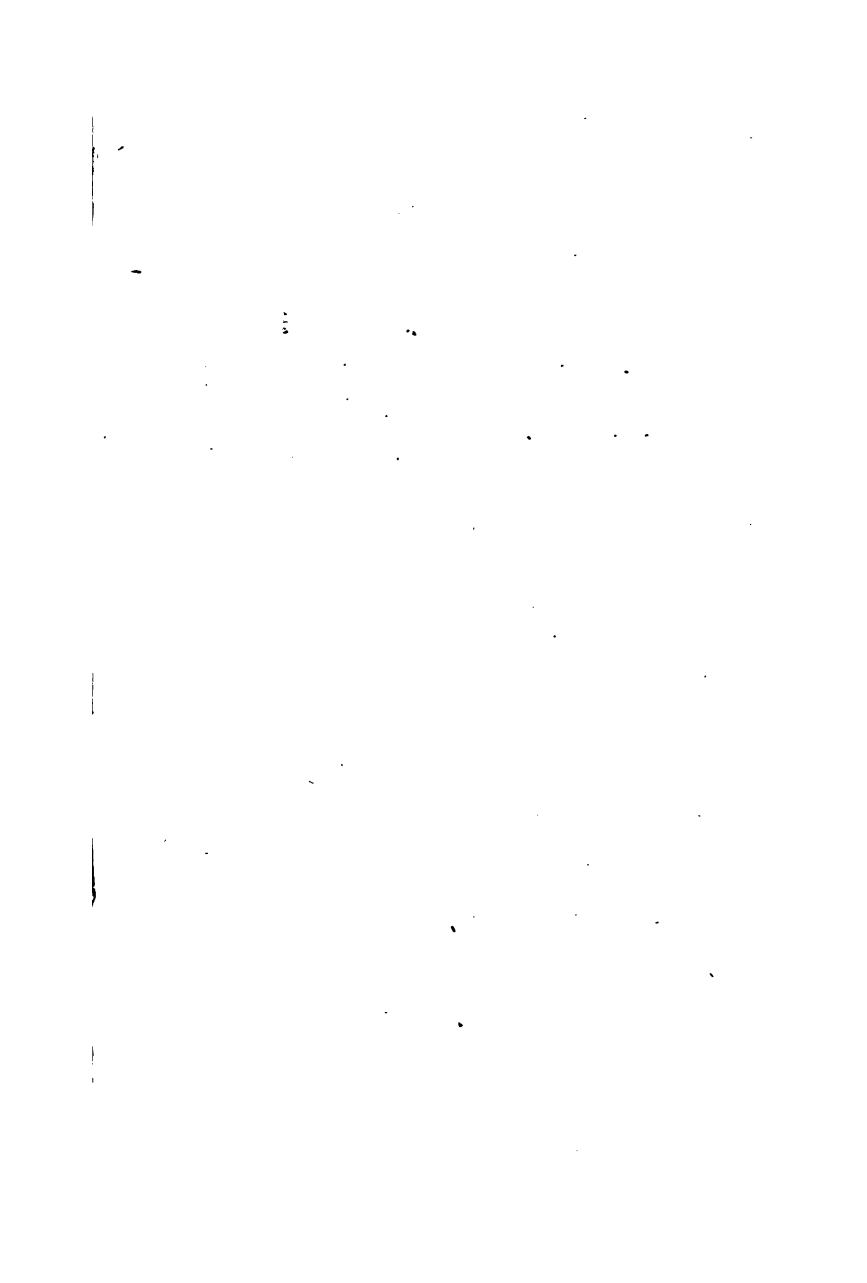
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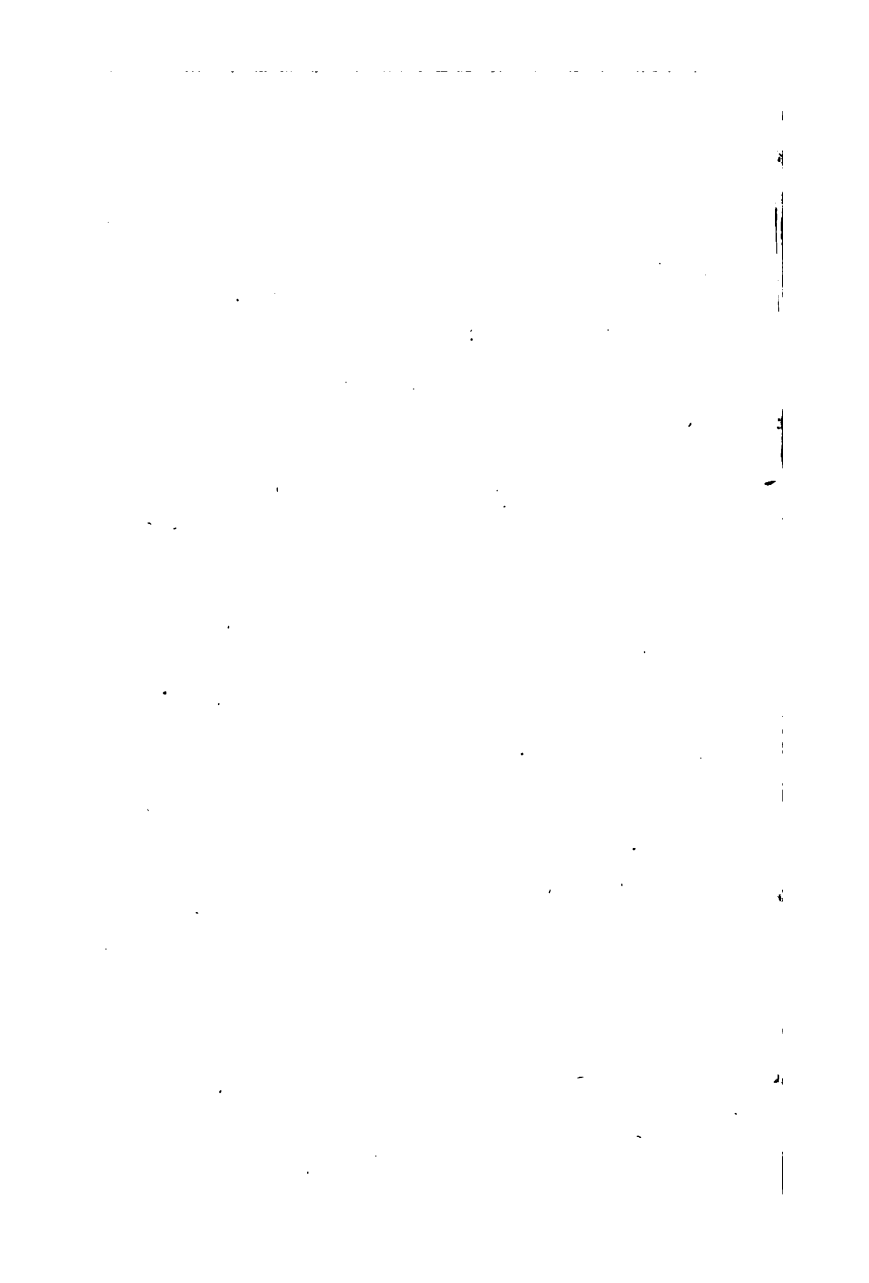
Mus
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1



HYMNS AND POETRY

FOR

THE YOUNG.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE EVANGELICAL
KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY.

^v
c

NEW-YORK:

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF
EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE.

11 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.

1858.

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1858

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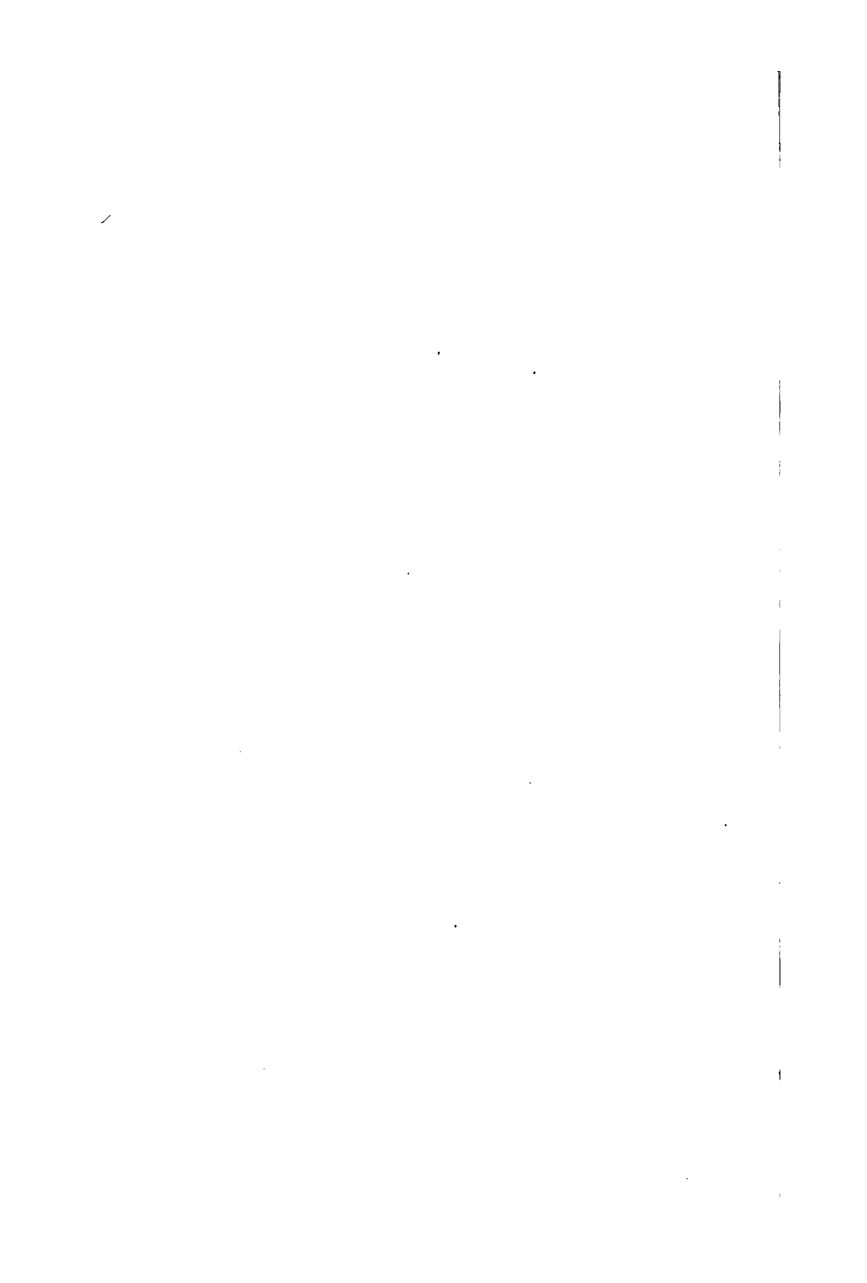
WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

MOTHER, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray—
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing on the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prattling, eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the happy joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart—
Keep, oh! keep that young heart true!
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.



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HYMNS AND POETRY.

MORNING HYMN.

Now the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun,
Crimson clouds, and silver white,
Wait upon his breaking light.

Glistening in the garden beds,
Flowers lift up their dewy heads,
And the shrill cock claps his wings,
And the merry lark upsprings.

When the eastern sky is red,
I, too, lift my little head ;
When the lark sings loud and gay,
I, too, rise to praise and pray.

SAVIOUR, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come ;
Thou hast oft-times seen it break
Brightly o'er that eastern lake.

Thou wast meek and undefiled,
Make me holy too, and mild ;
• Thou didst foil the tempter's power,
Help me in temptation's hour.

Thou didst love Thy mother here,
Make me gentle, kind, and dear ;
Thou wast subject to her word,
Teach me to obey, O Lord !

Fretful feelings, passion, pride
Never did with Thee abide :
Make me watch myself to-day,
That they lead me not astray.

With Thee, Lord, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes,
All the day be at Thy side,
Saviour, Pattern, King, and Guide.

THE RISING SUN.

MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies !

When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfill
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord ! Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain !

MORNING PRAISE AND PRAYER.

My Father, I thank Thee for sleep
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank Thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distressed ;
Oh ! how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day ?

My voice will be lisping Thy praise,
My heart would return Thee its love :

Oh ! teach me to walk in Thy ways,
And fit me to see Thee above ;
For Jesus has bid little children come nigh,
He will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as Thou deemest it right,
That here on this earth I should stay,
I pray Thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve Thee by day ;
And when all the days of my life shall have past,
Receive me in heaven to praise Thee at last.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past ;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :
To improve thy talents take due care ;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to Thee, Eternal King !

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir !
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform like you my Maker's will :
Oh ! may I never more do ill.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,

That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him, above, ye angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MORNING SACRIFICE.

THE morning comes all fresh and bright,
After the peacefulness of night ;
The new day breaks so calm and clear :
I kneel, O Lord ! to bless Thee here.
Before I dare to use the day
Thou givest me, to Thee I pray.

Keep me this day, as Thou hast kept
My childish weakness while I slept ;
Keep me from every thought of sin,
From harms without, and snares within ;
Do Thou bring back my wandering mind,
Thou who gav'st sight unto the blind.

Lord, without Thee I go astray,
Forget to bless, forget to pray :
Forget that all to Thee I owe,
Yes, every blessing that I know ;

Friends, parents, comforts, all are Thine,
Thy bounteous hand hath made them mine.

Guard Thou my thoughts, guide Thou my path,
Keep me from jealousy and wrath ;
Let truth be in the words I speak,
Let me Thy heavenly wisdom seek,
Let innocence my sports attend,
And life with Thee begin and end.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

ONCE more the light of day I see ;
Lord, with it let me raise
My heart and voice in song to Thee
Of gratitude and praise.

The " busy bee " ere this hath gone
O'er many a bud and bell ;
From flower to flower is humming on,
To store its waxen cell.

Oh ! may I like the bee still strive
Each moment to employ,
And store my mind, that richer hive,
With sweets that can not cloy.

The skylark from its lowly nest
Hath soared into the sky,
And by its joyous song expressed
Unconscious praise on high.

My feeble voice and faltering tone
No tuneful tribute bring ;
But Thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.

Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To Thee in praise and prayer ;
And love and gratitude impart
For every good I share.

For all the gifts Thy bounty sends,
For which so many pine ;
For food and clothing, home and friends,
Since all these boons are Thine.

Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe Thee day by day ;
Nor e'er at night or morn forget,
To Thee, O God ! to pray !

MORNING MERCIES.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and up-rising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

MORNING INVOCATION.

THROUGH Thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning :
O Thou great One in Three !
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising Thee,
God of the morning !

God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking ;
All our imperfect powers
In Thy hands taking !
In us Thy work fulfill,
Be with Thy children still,
Those who obey Thy will
Never forsaking !

MORNING PRAYER.

O LORD ! through Thy indulgent care,
In peace I laid me down ;
And now Thy soft, bright beams of love
My waking moments crown.

No sad alarm my slumbers broke,
No terror, fear, or dread ;
No sickness seized my tender frame,
Nor flames came round my bed.

Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with Thine eye ;
And grant that through the passing day
I may on Thee rely.

Lord, condescend to aid a child
To praise the Saviour's love ;
Oh ! let me live to Thee below,
And dwell with Thee above.

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep ;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide ;

My sins forgive,
And let me live
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

Oh ! make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace ;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

MORNING.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in Thy name,
My conscience sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour! till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend.
Teach me Thy precepts, all divine,
And be Thy pure example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart,
When on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn and sigh, and long for rest,
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant Thy servant sweet relief.

Should poverty's destructive blow—
Lay all my worldly comforts low.
And neither help nor hope appear
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer,
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For Thou on earth wast poor indeed.

Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings on my store,
Oh! keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with Thee.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh ! lead me onward to the skies !

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom, my spirit raise
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

BEFORE I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer ;
And deign a helpless child to keep
With Thy protecting care.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear :
Of Thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty too,

And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

Nor will Thy mercy less delight
The infant's God to be,
Who through the darkness of the night
For safety trusts to Thee.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By Thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By Thee supplied with food.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By Thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

Thus may'st Thou guard with gracious arm
The couch whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By Thy all-watchful eye.

For night and day to Thee are one,
The helpless are Thy care,
And for the sake of Thy dear Son,
Thou hear'st an infant's prayer.

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh ! keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Oh ! when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King ?

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

RETIRING TO REST.

LORD, with redeeming mercy blest,
I lay me down to take my rest :
For Thou who sav'st my soul from death,
Wilt surely watch my fleeting breath.

Now darkness shades the distant hill,
The little birds are mute and still,
And earth a safe repose may take,
For earth's Creator is awake.

'Tis sweet upon my lowly bed,
To think my Saviour guards my head ;
And His young helpless charge will keep
Through all the silent hours of sleep.

Dear Lord, my head must soon be laid
In some cold grave beneath the shade ;
But wherefore should I fear to die,
Since death has lost the victory ?

Yes ! Jesus conquered even death,
Which can but take this feeble breath—
My soul shall live, and rise and sing
The praises of my glorious King.

EVENING.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known,
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove ;
Lord, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

AND now the day is ending,
With all its toil and care ;
My heart to heaven ascending,
Shall offer praise and prayer :
The Lord is ever mindful
Of those who seek His face ;
And children weak and sinful
May feel His saving grace.

For all my sin and folly,
This day from morn to even,
I pray the Lord most holy,
That I may be forgiven.
His bleeding love most precious,
I now recall to mind :
The Lord is ever gracious,
And pitiful, and kind.

While I, my sins confessing,
Implore His pardoning love,

I'll praise Him for each blessing
Descending from above.
Ingratitude so hateful—
Oh ! keep me from that sin ;
Lord, make me truly grateful,
And cleanse my soul within.

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have passed another day,
And come to thank Thee for Thy care ;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.
Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply ;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.
Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss ;
And help me every day I live
To serve Thee better than in this.
Now, while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care ;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

EVENING.

WHEN the soft dew's of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I can not live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine ;
Now, Lord, Thy gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumber, pure and light.

MORNING AND EVENING HYMN.

My God ! how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say;
O God! preserve my mother dear,
In health and strength for many a year;
And oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I best my thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And oh! preserve my brothers both,
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother;
And still, O Lord! to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to Thy eternal day!

EVENING HYMN.

THE day-light fades ;
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head :
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour ;
Blest Jesus, still,
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart ;
Spirit divine,
Oh ! make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

EVENING HYMN.

ON the dark hill's western side
The last purple gleam has died,

Twilight to one solemn hue
Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,
Birds and lambs are gone to rest ;
Labor's weary task is o'er,
Closely shut the cottage door.

Saviour, ere in sweet repose
I my weary eyelids close,
While my mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room ;

While across the curtain white,
With a dim uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,
Let my latest thoughts be Thine.

'Twas a starry night of old,
When rejoicing angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy birth,
God become a child on earth.

Soft and quiet is the bed,
Where I lay my little head ;
Thou hadst but a manger bare,
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

Saviour, 'twas to win me grace,
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,

Loving with a perfect love,
Child, and man, and God above.

Hear me as alone I lie,
Plead for me with God on high;
All that stained my soul to-day,
Wash it in Thy blood away.

If my slumbers broken be,
Waking let me think of Thee:
Darkness can not make me fear,
If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep;
Thou wilt watch around me keep;
Him no danger e'er can harm,
Who lies cradled on Thine arm.

EVENING.

THANKS to my Saviour, for a bed
On which to lay my little head:
Oh! may my weary spirit rest,
As sweetly on my Saviour's breast.

Jesus, the sinner's precious Friend,
On thee alone will I depend;
Thou art my refuge, and to Thee,
My spirit shall in safety flee.

EVENING.

PRESERVED by Thee another day,
Another song I'll raise,
Accept, I pray, for Jesus' sake,
My gratitude and praise.

Then take me underneath Thy wing,
My God, my Guardian be,
That in the morning I may sing
Another song to Thee.

EVENING.

The sun hath gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower,
The young bird slumbers in his nest,
Within the leafy bower.

Where have I been this day ?
Into what folly run ?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
For Jesus Christ, Thy Son.

When all my days are o'er,
And in the grave I lie,
Wilt Thou permit my soul to soar,
To worlds above the sky ?

SELF-EXAMINATION.

BEFORE in sleep I close my eyes,
These things I must remember thrice :
What I've been doing all the day—
What were my acts at work or play ?
What have I heard, what have I seen ?
What have I learnt where'er I've been ?
What have I learnt that's worth the knowing ?
What have I done that's worth the doing ?
What have I done that I should not ?
What duty was this day forgot ?

Before in sleep I close my eyes,
These things I must remember thrice :
If I've done ill, then I must pray
That God would wash my sins away,
And for the merits of His Son,
Forgive the evil I have done ;
Then, pardoned daily, filled with love,
I'll be prepared to dwell above,
And there, with angels round the throne,
The love of God forever own.

EVENING HYMN.

HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father !
E'er I lay me down to sleep,
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigils keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy,
Far outweighs them, every one ;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade,
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out *Thy patience*
By the span of human thought,
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come,
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thy angels bid me home.

EVENING.

NOTE.—This hymn was taught the Hon. F. S. Key, by his mother, and when a boy at school, he used to repeat it aloud every night when in bed. It made a remarkable and deep impression on his friend and bed-fellow, Mr. Daniel Murray, which was never effaced.

Look down, great God ! this night defend
And me in safety keep,
Thy providential arm extend
To guard me while I sleep.

Whate'er in thought, or word, or deed,
This day amiss I've done ;
Let that dear blood now intercede
Which streams from Thy dear Son.

For His sake spare, my God, forgive
My sins, I do implore,
Grant I may in Thy presence live,
When this life is no more.

Almighty Lord ! who rul'st above
The seat of harmony and love ;
This night defend us, while we sleep
From every danger safely keep.

And may we in the morning rise
To praise the Ruler of the skies ;
And in continual praise abide,
Until to death we gently glide.

INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE HEAVENS.

STARS, that on your wondrous way,
Travel through the evening sky,
Is there nothing you can say
To a child as young as I ?
Tell me, for I want to know
Who has made you sparkle so ?
Yes, methinks I hear you say.
" Child of mortal race, attend,
While we run our wondrous way ;
Listen—we would be your friend,
Teaching you that name divine,
By whose mighty word we shine.
" Child, as truly as we roll
Through the dark and distant sky,
You have an immortal soul,
Born to live when we shall die :
Sun and planets pass away—
Spirits never can decay.

“When some thousand years, at most,
All their little time have spent,
One by one our sparkling host
Shall forsake the firmament :
We shall from our glory fall—
You must live beyond us all.

“Yes—and God, who made us roll—
God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant’s soul,
With a condescending eye ;
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star !

“Oh ! then, while your breath is given,
Pour it out in fervent prayer,
And beseech the God of Heaven
To receive your spirit there ;
Like a living star to blaze
Ever to your Saviour’s praise.”

PSALM 19.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

• Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

OMNIPRESCENCE.

THERE's not a star whose twinkling light A&
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
And Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God ! I come.

Just as I am, oh ! waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot ;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God ! I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing for the mind,
Yea, all I want, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God ! I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, healing give,
Because Thy promise I believe ;
O Lamb of God ! I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, ay, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God ! I come.

THE FOUNTAIN OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. .

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

Pity and save my sin-sick soul,
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;
Dark till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am till Thou art mine.

At length I own it can not be,
That I should fit myself for Thee,
Here now I all to Thee resign,
Thine is the work and only Thine.

What shall I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art Love ;
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died !

THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

ONCE in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;

With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For He is our childhood's Pattern ;

Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,

Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle

Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And He leads his children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,

With the oxen standing by,

We shall see Him ; but in heaven,

Set at God's right hand on high,

When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;
Oh ! that in my whole behavior,
He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy ;
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

Lord, assist a feeble creature ;
Guide me by Thy word of truth ;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

Often I shall be forgetful
Of the lessons Thou hast taught ;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
Or indulging foolish thought.

Then permit me not to harden
In my sin, and be content ;
But bestow a gracious pardon,
And assist me to repent.

THE SON OF MAN.

At Nazareth in olden time,
A peasant's cottage stood,
Where Joseph the poor carpenter
Toiled for his daily food.

An humble Virgin lived with him,
Beneath that lowly shed,
And there, her Son, our Saviour Christ,
In poverty was bred.

He had no glory here on earth,
No riches and no state ;
His little children must not care
For being rich or great.

Fine clothes, fine houses, pretty things,
That please our longing eyes,
Would only make our hearts forget
Our treasure in the skies.

It would be wrong on pomp or dress
To spend our thoughts or hours ;
Another lesson Christ hath taught,
Showing the simple flowers.

There's not a yellow buttercup
Returning with the spring
But it can boast a golden crown,
As bright as any king.

The red rose and the lily fair,
That charm our summer's day;
There's not a lady in the land
As finely dressed as they.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

Permit them to approach, He cries;
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we can not tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh! dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CHRIST.

Hymn for two children: each to say one line by turns.

Who came from heaven to ransom me?
Jesus who died upon the tree.
Why did He come from heaven above?
He came because His name was "Love."
And did He die—the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross He shed His blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.
When He had died—what happened then?
On the third day He rose again.
Where did He go when He had risen?
He went to God's right hand in heaven.
Where is He now? Is He still there?
Yes, and He pleads with God in prayer.
What does He pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to Him might come.
Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes. Christ is the sinner's Home.
Christ is the weary sinner's home.
Oh! let us come. Oh! let us come!

THE LAMB OF GOD.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fullness dwells in Him,
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ the Lord !
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild,

I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

GRACIOUS Lord, we look to Thee,
Meek and humble may we be ;
Pride and anger put away,
Make us better every day.

Teach us for our friends to pray,
And our parents to obey :
Richest blessings from above,
Give them for their tender love.

May we find the sweets of prayer
Sweeter than our pastimes are ;
Love the Sabbath and the place
Where we learn to seek Thy face.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And oh ! accept my prayer ;
Thou well canst hear all that I say,
For Thou art every where.

A little sparrow can not fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

P R A Y E R .

WAKE, little child, the morn is gay,
The air is fresh and cool ;
But pause a while and kneel to pray,
Before you go to merry play,
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words ;
God loves your simple prayer,
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleating of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,
And dewdrops wet the sod,
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to God.

Because you need Him day and night,
To shield you with His arm,
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me !
Bless a little child to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the *mercy-seat*.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought *mercy-seat*.

There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common *mercy-seat*.

There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the *mercy-seat*.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be :
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
The dear Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e're denied thee,
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

Oh ! not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness
Before His footstool fall ;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be ;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May, toll its notes for thee ;
Death's countless snares beset thy way ;
Frail child of dust ! go watch and pray.

Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high ?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye ?
Soon these must change, must pass away ;
Frail child of dust ! go watch and pray.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

O FATHER ! bless a little child,
And in his early youth
Give him a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love the truth.

May never falsehood in his heart
Or in his words abide ;
But may he act the truthful part,
Whatever may betide.

When for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore His injuries.

Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend ;
And walking in humility,
May peace my steps attend.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

LORD, teach a little child to pray ;
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed ;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

To Him let little children come,
For He hath said they may ;

His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love ;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.

TEACH US TO PRAY.

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask,
Or all we seek, or think, or say,
Will prove a tiresome task.

Teach us for what to pray,
For Thou alone art wise ;
And often what we blindly urge,
Thy mercy, Lord, denies.

Lord, teach us so to pray,
That murmuring be unknown ;
That whatsoe'er Thy grace decrees,
Thy will may be our own.

Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire ;
Then shall our praise to Thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

NEVER, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day ;
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread ;
If wealth His bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow ;
If He who gave should take away,
Oh ! ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time wilt come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss ;
And then, my child, perchance you'll see,
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee ;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

GOD HEARS CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

God is so good that He will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray ;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still,
And that He listens to their prayers
Just as a tender father will.

He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank Him for all His mercies given ;
And when by babes His praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.

Come then, dear children, trust His word,
And seek Him for your friend and guide ;
Your little voices shall be heard,
And you will never be denied.

PRAYER.

I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray ?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say ?

'Tis useless to implore,
Unless I feel my need :
Unless 'tis from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear ;
Nor will He ever those regard
Whose prayers are insincere.

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray ;
Nor let me e'er implore Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow Thy name !
May Thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same !

Oh! give to us daily
Our portion of bread ;
It is from Thy bounty
That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe :
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory
Forever—Amen.

LORD, LOOK UPON A LITTLE CHILD.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild ;
Oh! let Thy grace descend on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in the Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.

A star of early dawn, and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light ;

A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.

Dear Saviour, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me that I may be blessed ;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

P R A Y E R .

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do,
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.

Release me from the chains of pride,
In Thee alone may I confide ;
Show me my weakness, let me see
My strength, my wisdom, all in Thee.

Oh ! never may I silence break,
Unless I with Thy guidance speak ;
Oh ! sanctify my every word,
That I may honor Thee, my Lord !

Enrich me always with Thy love ;
Thy kind protection may I prove ;
Oh ! set Thy seal upon my breast,
And let Thy spirit in me rest.

Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey ;
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases Thee.

Oh ! save me from my sinful will,
And only Thine may I fulfill ;
That all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended in Thy praise.

THEY CAN NOT SING TOO EARLY.

Who shall sing if not the children ?
Did not Jesus die for them ?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in His diadem ?

Why to them were voices given,
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear ;
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here ?

There's a choir of infant songsters ;
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne ;
Angels cease, and waiting listen,
Oh ! 'tis sweeter than their own.

Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned ;
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned ?

Jesus when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love ;
And will He, to heaven returning,
Faithless to His blessing prove ?
Oh ! they can not sing too early !
Fathers, stand not in their way !
Birds sing while the day is breaking,
Tell me, then, why should not *they* ?

PR AISE.

ALL nature shows
In various views,
Her great Creator's praise ;
The birds all sing,
While on the wing,
In soft and pleasing lays.

The trees look gay,
And seem to say
There is a God above :

The sun's bright beams,
The liquid streams
Say, "We are ruled by love."

The bleating flocks
With happy looks
Say, "God deigns us to feed ;"
Without His power
There's not an hour,
But we should comfort need.

And if the herds,
And trees and birds,
All join to praise God's name ;
It must not be,
That such as we
Refuse to do the same.

THINKING OF MERCIES.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see ;
What shall I render to my God.
For all His gifts to me ?
Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more ;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold ;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are these Thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

CHILD'S SONG OF PRAISE.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky ?
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

How great His power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace :
Not men below, or saints who dwell
On high before His face ;

Nor angels, who stand round the Lord,
Can search His secret will ;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels will rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh ?

LORD, WE ARE THANKFUL.

LORD, we are thankful for the air ;
For breath of life, for water fair ;
For morning burst, for noonday light,
For alternation of the light ;
For place in Thy infinity ;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee.

For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry cloud and summer sun,
For seed-time and the autumn store
In due succession evermore,
For flower and fruit, for herb and tree,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee.

For beauty and delight of sound,
That float the universe around ;
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for gush of words,
For music of the earth and sea,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee. •

For daily toil that we endure,
For labor's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food and drink and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee.

For Conscience, and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we break Thy law ;
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom, mighty as benign ;
For all we are, and hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee.

CHILDREN PRAISING THE SAVIOUR.

HOSANNAS were by children sung,
When Jesus was on earth ;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound His praises forth.

The Lord is great, the Lord is good ;
He feeds us from His store
With earthly and with heavenly food ;
We'll praise Him evermore.

We thank Him for His gracious word,
We thank Him for His love ;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing, Glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory.

PRAISE FOR DAILY MERCIES.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care
And all Thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour ;
I can not draw another breath,
Unless Thou giv'st me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay ;
Nor am I absent from thy sight
In darkness or in day.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love Thee and obey.

THE NARROW PATH.

THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads us through a world of sin,
Where dangers must be past ;
But all who boldly walk therein,
Will rest in heaven at last.

How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
This narrow path to tread ?
Do I not need a shepherd's care,
To be securely led ?

Lord, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And I shall never stray.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou ! whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine :

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still Thine own.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

MY father, my mother, I know
I can not your kindness repay ;
But I hope that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

I'm sorry that ever I could
Be wicked, and give you a pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

But for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I will ask for a dutiful heart.

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS.

Oh ! that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still ;
Oh ! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

Oh! send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord.
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in Thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

SOULS OF CHILDREN.

MILLIONS of children live and die,
Whose name the world shall never hear;
On with the busy crowd they ply
Their humble toils from year to year :

And when the busy crowd shall go
To rest their quiet graves within,
How few their dying-days shall know !
How few remember they have been !

Kings do not miss them, nor the great,
For others rise their ranks to fill ;
But yet upon their low estate
One gracious eye is resting still—
One gracious eye is resting now,
Though lost amid the living throngs,
The King of glory deigns to bow,
Well pleased to listen to their songs.

A human-soul ! how great the worth !
The price what mine of gold shall pay !
Poor should we be to gain the earth
And give one human soul away !
For this the Saviour left His throne,
The costly price He knew, and paid ;
And He the youngest child will own
Who feels its worth and seeks His aid.

O Saviour ! make our hearts sincere,
While thus upon Thy name we call,
And pray for grace to serve Thee here,
And then for glory after all.

Thou knowest, Lord, what heaven must be,
And what the pangs of endless pain;
Our helpless souls look up to Thee,
That hell to shun—that heaven to gain.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

Now if the Lord should say to me,
“What gifts shall I bestow on thee?”
Should I like Solomon reply,
“Oh! give me wisdom from on high?”
Yet wisdom is the only thing
That real happiness can bring,
And restless must my heart remain,
Until this wisdom I obtain.

It would not make me truly wise
To know the stars that fill the skies,
Or all the fishes in the seas,
Or beasts and birds, or flowers and trees.
Wisdom to love the thing that's right,
Oh! this would give my heart delight,
This wisdom then, oh! grant to me,
That I may ever live with Thee.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

But still, to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them
all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms, and be blessed.

Is there a little orphan child,
Father and mother gone,
Who deems himself quite desolate,
Left in the world alone ?

It is not so—while Christ's own words,
On every lip are laid,
While each a Father hath in heaven,
To cheer him and to aid.

Oh ! let him seek the churchyard ground,
Some quiet summer's even,
When calmly on his father's grave
Looks down the sunset heaven,

And let him gaze on the blue sky,
And dry the tears that gather
In his dim eyes, and breathe a prayer
Unto his other Father.

Ye happier children, who below
Still share a father's love,
Remember, earthly love is taught,
To lead to things above.

Remember, when ye court his smile,
Or prattling climb his knee,
Ye have a Father ever near,
More kind, more good than he.

Give Him a love as fond and free,
As fully trust His might,
Hold converse with Him day by day,
And with as great delight.

For household duties, loves, and joys,
Losses and cares are given,
To train the sons of God to reach
Their Father's house in heaven.

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.

Now that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell ;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
Oh! what have I to fear?

If I am poor, He can supply,
Who *has* my table spread,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.

But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn;
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well,
For its sweet and pleasant smell ;
And would rather call it ours
Than full many gayer flowers ;
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn :
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet ;
Be as gentle, be as mild ;
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize,
Like a summer flower it dies ;
But humility will last
Fair and sweet when beauty's past ;
And the Saviour, from above,
Views a humble child with love.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice !
O blessed, happy child ! to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy should I be !
Oh ! how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does He never speak ?
Oh ! yes ; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard ;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I, beneath His care,
May safely rest my head ;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed ;
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read His word :
" Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard ;
And when I in Thy house appear,
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear."

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven—can He hear
A feeble prayer like mine ?
Yes, little child, thou needst not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven—can He see
When I am doing wrong ?
Yes, that He can ; He looks at thee
All day, and all night long.

God is in heaven—would He know
If I should tell a lie ?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven—does He care,
Or is He good to me ?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis God that giveth thee.

God is in heaven—can I go
To thank Him for His care ?
Not yet ; but love Him here below,
And He will see it there.

God is in heaven—may I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, love, be good, and then one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

TRYING TO DO RIGHT.

Oh! that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought;
Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am bid to go,
I'll cheerfully obey,
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave some pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got,
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try to do it well.

For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold,
And He is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

LIKE JESUS.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good ;
So that of me it may be said :
“ She hath done what she could.”

Alas ! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see :
O gentle Saviour ! send Thy grace
And make me like to Thee.

LONGING AFTER HEAVEN.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, close beside my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright
I'd wake the sweetest music
To praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow
Nor ever feel a fear ;

But blessed pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children,
Have gone to heaven to live,
Dear Saviour when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God
His image stamps my brow,
Though the shadows of death my feet have
trod,
I reign in glory now.
No breaking hearts are here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With the new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my griefs all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
O friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true !
Ye are travelling still through the vale of
tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines forth in the glittering sky ?
Do you mourn when the raging voice of
war,
And the storm of conflict die ?
Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven;
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven ?

HEAVEN.

JERUSALEM ! thou blessed place,
How full of glory, full of grace !
• Far, far above the starry skies
Thy golden battlements arise.

Jerusalem, thy colors glow,
Fairer than the heavenly bow—
Emerald, orange, purple, bright,
In glistening glory, all unite.

Jerusalem, where parents stand,
And blessed children, hand in hand,
And see their mighty Saviour's face,
And laud, and magnify His grace.

Jerusalem, all pains are past,
Thy blessedness shall ever last,
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
How blissful in thy courts to dwell.

Jerusalem, thou seat of love,
Thou city of great God above,
May I behold thy glory rise,
Thy golden lustre fill the skies.

Jerusalem, I long to see,
And live a happy child in thee ;
There I shall never sin again,
But with my Saviour ever reign.

Jerusalem, thou blessed abode,
Which Jesus purchased with His blood,
Died for a little child like me,
That so I may His glory see.

CHILDREN AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest ;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !
Let the little travellers in !

Who are they, whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?

" I from Greenland's frozen strand ;"

" I from India's sultry plain ;"

" I from Afric's barren sand ;"

" I from islands of the main."

" All our earthly journey past,

Every tear and pain gone by,

Here together met at last,

At the portal of the sky,

Each the welcome ' COME ' awaits,

Conquerors over death and sin."

Lift your heads, ye golden gates !

Let the little travellers in !

THE HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land,

Far, far away,

Where saints in glory stand,

Bright, bright as day.

Oh ! how they sweetly sing,

" Worthy is our Saviour King ;

Loud let His praises ring ;

Praise, praise for aye."

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay ?
Oh ! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee ;
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh ! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be *to be there ?*

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be *to be there ?*

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We speak of its freedom from sin—
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within,
But what must it be *to be there* ?

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the first-born above,
But what must it be *to be there* ?

Do Thou, Lord, 'midst sorrow or woe,
Still for Heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is *to be there* !

Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our *Saviour* and *King*,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;

For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly !
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must forever dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this dreadful end ?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to Heaven ascend ?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to endless death.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night.
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,

Till the chilly autumn hours
 Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
 All the summer long,
But in colder shorter days
 They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
 Those who follow Him,
But we can not see Him here,
 For our eyes are dim.
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

WE are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth,
Every hour and every breath
Bring us nearer still to death.

But beyond that vale of fears
Lies the land that knows no tears,

Where our steps no more may roam ;
Children, we are going home !

Home to long-lost friends, and dear,
Who were missed and mourned for here ;
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above !

Shall poor trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and straight
Leading to the golden gate ?

No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too ;
From His track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever was before.

Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.
But lying darkly between;
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream,
That leads me at last to the Sight.
Closer, closer, my feet come to the dark
abyss,
Closer, Death, to my lips passes the awful
chasm;
Father, perfect my trust, strengthen the might
of my faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shores of death.
Let me feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

FOREVER with the Lord;
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high—
Home of my soul—how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear !

Forever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis Thy will
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
In death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord.

The trump of final doom
Shall speak that self-same word,
And Heaven's voice sound through the tomb,
Forever with the Lord.

That resurrection word !
That shout of victory
Once more, forever with the Lord ;
Amen ! so let it be.

GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

THERE is one God, but one alone,
He made all things in earth and heaven ;
To Him all love and praise are due,
All worship must be given.

The little birds sing happy songs,
The flowers grow brightly every where,
They do not know the great Lord God,
Who made them all so fair.

But we are not like senseless flowers,
We are not like the little birds,
For we can love Him with our hearts,
And praise Him with our words.

Oh ! if the great Almighty God
Will hear the prayers that children pray,
If He will let us love His name,
And serve Him day by day ;

If we may turn and cling to Him,
Before whose face the angels fall,
Sure we must give Him our whole hearts,
And love Him best of all.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

God made the sky that looks so blue ;
He made the grass so green ;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see ;
It comes to give us heat and light :
How thankful should we be !

God made the pretty bird to fly ;
How sweetly has she sung ;
And though she flies so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for me to use ;
I'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink ;
He made the fish to swim ;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit :
Oh ! how should I love Him.

THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,

The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day ;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there :
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

Lord, at Thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

Oh! may I now forever fear
To indulge a sinful thought;
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

GOD EVERY WHERE.

Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No! for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell;
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;
I must within His presence dwell,
I can not from His anger flee.

Yet I may flee—He shows me where—
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

The birds without barn or store-house, are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
•So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

We may all may like ships by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost ;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abraham of old ;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure
 guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He can not take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain.
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.
No strength of our own, no goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name.
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die trusting, the Lord will provide. •

PROVIDENCE.

God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

If with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God shalt set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee, from above.

Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

THE SABBATH.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed.

This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word ;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn Thy will, O Lord !

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven ;
Oh ! may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

Put the spade and wheel away,
Do not weary work to-day ;
Let the way-worn horse go free,
And the field uncultured be ;
Leave the flail beside the corn,
All must rest on Sunday morn.
For the Lord, who died to save,
Rose to-day from Joseph's grave,
And with rest and holy mirth,
We will keep His feast on earth.
Hark ! I hear the sweet church-bells,
And their quiet music tells,
How to keep Christ's holiday
In the happiest, fittest way :
How His children here may meet,
All in saintly service sweet,

And in presence of their Lord,
Sing His praise and hear His word :
With our fathers and our mothers,
With our sisters and our brothers,
To the holy church we go,
The dear church of high and low,
Where the poor man meanly dressed,
Is as welcome as the best,
And the rich and poor may gather,
Kneeling to their common Father ;
Yea ! our risen Lord is there,
Listening kindly to our prayer.
Thus should Christian people all
Hold their Master's festival ;
Thus with joyous rest and praise,
His own children keep His days.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all that earth and sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

Oh ! write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of Thy word ;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

THE LORD'S DAY.

ANOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Lord's day has begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy Thy rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

This day may our devotions rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HEAVENLY REST.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place :
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Around Thy throne we long to meet ;
Oh ! grant us but the lowest seat ;
We'll shout Thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

O long expected day ! begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rise with God.

PROFANITY.

HUSH ! thoughtless little child,
Speak not that holy name,
Not with a laughing lip,
Not in thy playful game ;
For the great God of all
Heareth each word we say,
He will remember it
In the great judgment-day.

Hush ! for His hosts unseen
Are watching over thee,
His angels spread their wings,
Thy shelter kind to be.
Wilt thou, with words profane,
Rash, and undutiful,
Scatter thine angel guards,
Glorious and beautiful ?

Honor God's holy name,
Speak it with thought and care,
Sing to it holy hymns,
Breathe it in earnest prayer ;
But not with sudden cry,
In thy light joy or pain :
" God will hold guilty all
Who take His name in vain."

HONOR DUE TO PARENTS.

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet,
All the summer night,
With their old ewe mothers,
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker
As we shut our eyes.

And we play at evening
Round our fathers' knees,
Birds are not so merry,
Singing on the trees ;

Lambs are not so happy,
'Mid the meadow flowers ;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do ;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honor too :

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To His mother dear.

DECEIVING.

THE little lips that every day
Say prayers to God at morn and eve,
They were not made for wicked words,
That injure or deceive.

The Lord God sits in heaven above,
The God who is all pure and true,
And Christ our Lord is at His side,
Beholding all we do.

The wicked father of all lies,
Goes to and fro, and watches nigh,
And he rejoices when he gets
A heedless child to lie.

You can not see the holy God,
Nor that bad spirit tempting you;
But you can watch, and never speak
A word that is not true.

For Christ who looks into our hearts,
Sees all we think, hears all we say,
Will surely help us to be good,
If we but watch and pray.

CONTENTMENT.

Saw ye never in the meadows,
Where your little feet did pass,
Down below, the sweet white daisies
Growing in the long green grass?

They are like to little children,
Children bred in lowly cot,
Who are modest, meek, and quiet,
And contented with their lot.

Saw you never lilac blossoms,
Or acacia white and red,
Waving brightly in the sunshine,
On the tall trees overhead ?

They are like to other children,
Children of the high and great,
Who are gracious, good, and gentle,
Serving God in their estate.

Little children, high and lowly,
Try like little flowers to be.
Day by day the tall tree-blossom
Gives to God its fragrance free :

Day by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

God has given each his station ;
Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly homes and labor—
All may have His precious grace.

You must be content and quiet,
Your appointed stations in ;
For to envy or to covet
Others' goods, is surely sin.

And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high.

And God loveth all His children,
Rich and poor, and high and low ;
And they all shall meet in heaven,
Who have served Him here below.

COVETOUSNESS.

ON the goods that are not thine,
Little children, lay no finger ;
Round thy neighbors' better things
Let no wishful glances linger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing,
Touch it not, howe'er thou need'st it,
Though the owner have enough,
Though he know it not, nor heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,
Though resistance be a trial ;

Grasping hand and roving eye,
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name
To the poorest are a treasure,
Better than ill-gotten wealth,
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,
Gladly take what God has given,
With clean hand and humble heart,
Passing through the world to heaven.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look ;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given ;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand Thy law ;
Show what my faults have been ;
And from Thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

THE BIBLE.

A FOUNTAIN ever springing,
Where the wearied may repair ;
The heavy burden bringing,
Of sin, and of despair.

A hive of honeyed treasure
Distilled from Eden's bowers,
Where heaven-born hope with pleasure
May feed in wintry hours.

Drink for the soul that's thirsting,
Comfort for those that fear,
Balm for the heart when bursting,
May all be gathered here.

What added boon is wanting ?
Thy blessing, Lord, must give ;
The gift of faith by granting,
To read, believe, and live !

BIRTHDAY.

CAN I, all-gracious Providence,
Can I deserve Thy care ?
Ah ! no, I've not the least pretense
To bounties which I share.
It is Thy hand upholds me still,
In dangers or from death ;
E'en safe preserved from every ill,
E'er since Thou gav'st me birth,
I live once more to see the day
That brought me first to light ;

Oh ! teach my willing heart the way
To take Thy mercies right.
No strife has e'er disturbed my peace,
No miseries have I known ;
And that I'm blest with health and ease,
With humble thanks I own.
The dazzling splendor, pomp, and show,
My fortune has denied ;
But more than grandeur can bestow,
Content has well supplied.
I envy no one's birth or fame,
Their titles, train, or dress ;
Nor has my pride e'er stretched its aim
Beyond what I possess.
I ask, or wish not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay ;
Lord, make me wiser every year,
And better every day.

My love, I meet this happy day,
With pleasure and with pain ;
I wish to learn your future way,
But know the wish is vain.

A journey which can never end,
You have but just begun ;
And hand in hand with many a friend,
This little way have run.

But friends, my love, how vain are they ;
For one infected breath
May take the tenderest away,
And lay them low in death.

Then whither should my darling fly ?
In whom may she confide ?
There is a Friend above the sky,
Who waits to be her Guide.

His eye the path of life can see,
And has as clear a view
Of hills and valleys yet to be,
As what are past to you.

He knows the point, the very spot,
Where each of us shall fall ;
And whose shall be the earliest lot,
And whose the last of all.

Dear cherished child, if you should have
To travel far alone,
And weep by turns at many a grave
Before you reach your own ;

May He who bade you weep, be nigh
To wipe away your tears,
And point you to a world on high,
Beyond these mournful years.

Yet if it be His holy will,
I pray, that hand in hand,
We all may travel many a hill
Of this the pilgrim's land.

With Zion's shining gate in view,
Through every danger rise ;
And form a family anew,
Unbroken in the skies.

CHRISTMAS.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign :

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song ;

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

From the regions of love, lo ! an angel descended,
And told the strange news, how the babe was at-
tended :
Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger—
See yonder bright star—it will lead to the man-
ger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased our
pardon,
We will praise Him again when we pass over
Jordan.

Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation,
Glad tidings of joy—now behold your salvation !
Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven rejoices.

Now glory to God in the highest be given,
Now glory to God is reëchoed through heaven ;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of His love, salvation, and glory.

STAR IN THE EAST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor securé:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

FAITH.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my sins away,
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;

As Thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide :
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream ;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll :
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh ! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

HUMILITY.

LORD, forever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed :
Thou hast spoken, I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

Humble as a little child,
Weaned from its mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

Israel, now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him, in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

ETERNITY.

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand ;
Yet how insensible !
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to yon heavenly place
Or shuts me up in hell.

O God ! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress ;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, e'er it be too late
To wake to righteousness.

Before me place in' bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

TIME IS FLYING.

How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they !
Months move along as if the years
Would never pass away.

But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone ;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

Great God, an infant can not tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with Thee.

DEATH.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

THE dead ! how thickly do they lie
Beneath the ground we tread ;
Millions on millions live and die,
And make the earth their bed ;

Oh ! whither can we cast an eye,
But there are hid the dead ?

How little matters now their lot,
Their beauty, fame, or gold ;
If great they were, they heed it not,
Nor treasure can they hold ;
Their home is but a dreary spot,
Forgotten, dark, and cold.

One thing, one only thing to them
Was worth a moment's pains ;
The prince forgets his diadem,
The merchant-man his gains ;
One pearl of price, one heavenly gem
Of all his wealth remains.

The pardon of his sinful heart,
His soul to Jesus led :
Oh ! if he chose this better part,
Then blessed is the dead ;
With joy to judgment he shall start,
With joy lift up his head.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his painful sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS IN DEATH.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies.

WHERE should I be, if God should say
I must not live another day,
And send to take away my breath ?
What is eternity and death ?

My body is of little worth,
'Twould soon be mingled with the earth ;
For we were made of clay, and must
Again at death return to dust.

But where my living soul would go,
I do not and I can not know :
For none was e'er sent back to tell
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell.

Yet heaven must be a world of bliss,
Where God Himself forever is ;
Where saints around His throne adore,
And never sin or suffer more :

And hell's a state of endless woe
Where unrepenting sinners go ;
Though none that seek the Saviour's grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

Oh ! let me then at once apply
To Him, who did for sinners die ;
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell forever with the Lord.

LIGHT ON LITTLE GRAVES.

WITHIN the churchyard, side by side,
Are many long low graves,
And some have stones set over them ;
On some the green grass waves.

They can not hear our footsteps come,
They do not see us pass,
They can not feel the bright warm sun
That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing over-head ;
They can not rise and come to church
With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a day shall come,
When all the dead will rise ;
When they who sleep down in the grave,
Will ope again their eyes.

For Christ our Lord was buried once,
He died and rose again ;
He conquered death, He left the grave,
And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we loved the best
Lie in their churchyard bed ;
We must not cry too bitterly
Over the happy dead ;

Because for our dear Saviour's sake,
Our sins are all forgiven ;
And Christians only fall asleep,
To wake again in heaven.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE rich man did of Pilate crave
The lifeless body of the Lord,
And laid it in his own new grave ;
There all night long with spear and sword,
The Roman soldiers watched the stone,
Where the world's Saviour lay alone.

But with the first day's dawning bright,
That heavy stone was rolled away,
Two glorious angels all in white
Sat where the Saviour's body lay ;
The watch, the seal, were all in vain,
The Lord of life was risen again.

There are short graves in churchyard ground,
Where little children buried lie ;
Each underneath his narrow mound,
With stiff cold hand, and close shut eye ;
Bright morning sunbeams kiss the spot,
Yet day by day they open not.

But surely as our Saviour rose
On Easter morn from Joseph's cave,
Shall all those mounds at last uncloze,
And Christian people leave the grave.
He died, He slept, He rose to be
An earnest of our victory.

Lord, who for us so cold and deep,
Down in that garden grave hast lain,
When we like Thee must fall asleep,
Be with us in our hour of pain,
That strengthened by Thy grace divine,
Alive or dead we may be Thine.

MISSIONARY.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ?
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh ! salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole !

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

PRAY FOR THE HEATHEN.

LITTLE children, when you pray,
To God to keep you through the day ;
When you ask that He would take
Your sins away for Jesus' sake ;
When you thank Him for your friends,
And the comfort that He sends,
Don't forget to breathe a prayer
For those who know not of His care.
Many little ones there are,
O'er the sea so very far,
Who never heard of God above,
Who do not know of Jesus' love ;
Children who have never heard
From Christian friends this blessed word :
That gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Dearly loves each little child,
And bids them always come and pray
To Him to take their sins away ;

This Saviour they have never known,
And therefore kneel to wood and stone.
O children ! ask of Him to send
Some one to be the heathen's friend ;
To guide them from destruction's road,
Into the path that leads to God ;
That they may have their sins forgiven,
And when they die may go to heaven ;
That they and you at last may stand
Within that happy, happy land.

THE HEATHEN MOTHER.

SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred current flows ;
With her own maternal hand
'Mid the waves her babe she throws.

Hark ! I hear the piteous scream ;
Frightful monsters seize their prey,
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear ;
But the mother's heart is steel ;
She unmoved that cry can hear.

Send, oh ! send the Bible there,
Let its precepts reach the heart ;
She may then her children spare—
Act the mother's tender part.

CHILDREN IN INDIA.

FAR, far away in India,
Thousands of children live,
Who have no pious parents
Who them instruction give
About the great Jehovah
Who reigns above the sky ;
Or of that blessed Saviour,
Who did on Calvary die.

But oh ! the sad condition
These little ones are in ;
Young children by their parents
Are thrown in Ganges' stream,
To please the gods they worship,
Who're made of wood and stone ;
Believing they will save them,
And for their sins atone.

And now, dear little children,
Who better far do know,
Say, will you not do something
To save their souls from woe ?
Oh ! yes, you'll say, we're willing
To aid with heart and hand,
To send the blessed Gospel
To every heathen land.

SPREAD THE WORD.

SPREAD, spread the word of truth
Diffuse it far and wide :
Let hoary age and blooming youth
Learn how the Saviour died.

Spread, spread the word of love ;
Let all the nations know
That Christ descended from above,
To save from hell below.

Spread, spread the word of light,
Swift as the sun's bright ray ;
Scatter the shades of heathen night,
And bring the "latter day."

Spread, spread the word of peace,
Proclaim the joyful sound ;
Let captive millions find release,
By sin and Satan bound.

Spread, spread the word of life,
Of hope and liberty ;
Let sin and sorrow, hate and strife,
From earth forever flee.

- Through all the world extend
Jehovah's blessed word,
Till every tribe to Him shall bend,
And own Him sovereign Lord.

LANDS WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

And are there countries far away,
Where Bibles never go ?
Fruitful, and beautiful, and gay,
But lost in sin and woe !

" Go preach my Gospel," Jesus said ;
" To every creature bear
The stream of life, the living bread,
And I will bless you there."

Lord, let us go, or let us send
This word of truth abroad ;
Gladly our little help we'll lend
That men may know the Lord.

Some childish pleasures we resign,
And this one pleasure choose,
To teach the heathen they are Thine,
And send the Gospel news.

UPON LIFE.

LORD, what is life ? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone ;
We see it flourish for an hour,
With all its beauty on ;
But death comes like a wintry day,
And cuts the pretty flower away.

Lord, what is life ? 'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky ;
We love to see its colors glow,
But while we look they die :
Life fails as soon ; to-day 'tis here ;
To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years are passed away
Since life began at first,
And millions, once alive and gay,
Are dead, and in the dust ;
For life in all its health and pride,
Has death still waiting at its side.

Lord, what is life ? If spent with thee
In duty, praise, and prayer,
However long or short it be,
We need but little care ;
Because eternity will last
When life, and even death are past.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
“Thy will be done.”

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
“Thy will be done.”

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee ;
 " Thy will be done."

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
 " Thy will be done."

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
 " Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 " Thy will be done."

Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 " Thy will be done."

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day !
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high ;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

A PLEASANT SIGHT.

THE Lord above is pleased to see
A little family agree,
And will not scorn the prayer and praise
Which loving children join to raise.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here who dwell in love,
Are like his holy saints above.

The gentle child who loves to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And will not say an angry word,
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Saviour, forgive, whenever we
Forget Thy will and disagree ;
And grant that each of us may find
The blessedness of being kind.

BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Pardon, O Lord ! our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Lo ! at noon 'tis sudden night,
Darkness covers all the sky !
Rocks are rending at the sight !
Children, can you tell me why ?
What can all these wonders be ?
Jesus dies at Calvary !

Nailed upon the cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn !
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made Him one of thorn.
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind !

See, the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and his side !
Hark ! He now has breathed His last,
With a mighty groan He died !
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die ?

He, who was a king above,
Left His kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty He might save ;

Down to this sad world He flew
For such little ones as you.

You were wretched, weak, and vile;
You deserved His holy frown;
But He saw you with a smile,
And, to save you, hastened down.
Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

Come then, children, come and see;
Lift your little hands to pray;
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty infant," say:
"Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

"NOT MY WILL, LORD, BUT THINE."

THE angels stand around Thy throne,
And wait Thy bidding every one,
As stars around the full bright moon,
Or clouds beneath the setting sun.

Fair creatures, beautiful and bright,
They do the will of God on high,

His ministers to us on earth,
Unseen their white wings gliding by.

And children, too, may do God's will,
Each in his lowly earthly place ;
For Christ hath said : " Our angels bright,
Always behold the Father's face."

Lord, when we say, " Thy will be done,"
May heart to lip be ever true :
Oh ! give us grace to serve Thee here,
As gladly as the angels do.

Like Him the lowly Child, who dwelt
Where gleams the Galilean sea,
Whose meat it was to do Thy will—
Our guide, our trust, our pattern, He.

And if Thou send us pain or grief,
If loss or anguish e'er befall,
Still teach us, though with quivering lip,
To say, " Thy will be done in all."

Thus did our Lord in anguish pray,
Saying, " Not my will, Lord, but Thine :"
So kneel we at our Father's feet,
And all our wills to Him resign.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

CHILD, e'er thou wander forth to play,
The Lord's own words be duly said,
That thou from sin and danger dread
Delivered be to-day.

The spirit dark that works within,
Will whisper evil to thy heart,
Will turn thee from the better part,
And tempt thy soul to sin.

Thou canst not tell what danger near,
What sorrow never dreamed before,
This one short day may have in store,
What sudden pain or fear:

As I have seen a boat go down
In quiet waters suddenly,
When not a wave was on the sea,
Nor in the sky a frown.

But happy still in all distress,
The child that to his father flies,
The heart that on its God relies
For strength and holiness.

God's glorious angels watch him round,
God's spirit on his soul is shed;
In vain the tempter's snares are spread,
He walks on guarded ground.

Why should he dread misfortune's blast,
Why should he tremble at the foe,
Or fear for pain, or shame, or woe?
His heart is anchored fast.

Like lily flower that to and fro
Is tossed upon the waters wide,
What cares it for the changeful tide?
Its root is firm below.

DAILY BREAD.

THE raven builds her nest on high,
The loud winds rock her craving brood,
The forest echoes to their cry:
Who gives the ravens food?

The lion goeth forth to roam
Wild sandy hills and plains among;
He leaves his little whelps at home:
Who feeds the lion's young?

God hears the hungry lions howl,
He feeds the raven hoarse and gray ;
Cares He alone for beast and fowl ?
Are we less dear than they ?

Nay, precious child, kneel down and own
The hand that feeds thee day by day,
Nor careless with thy lip alone,
For " all things needful " pray.

God made thy cottage home so dear,
Gave store enough for frugal fare ;
If richer homes have better cheer,
'Twas God who sent it there.

But better far than garner's stored,
Than bread that honest toil may win,
Than blessings of the laden board,
The food He gives within.

The lion and the raven die,
They only ask life's common bread,
Our souls shall live eternally,
And they too must be fed.

CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger,
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard ;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King—
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky ;
Where they sought Him, there they found
Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing ;
Lovely infant, how He smiled ;
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo ! He slumbers in the manger,
Where the hornéd oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling here's no danger,
There's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN thou art kneeling down at night,
Beside thy mother's knee to pray,
And thinking over all thy sins,
Done through the busy day ;

Then call to mind thy brother's wrong,
To strife by angry passions driven,
And in thy heart forgive him all,
As thou wouldst be forgiven.

Go, throw thy little arms around
His neck, and kiss him tenderly,
Nor turn away with pouting lip,
And sullen tearful eye.

Thou hast sinned more against thy God,
Than ever brother sinned to thee ;
If He should turn away His face,
How wretched wouldst thou be !

Dost thou remember when thy Lord
Hung on His cruel cross so long,
How in His agony He prayed
For those that did Him wrong ?

They nailed His hands, they pierced His feet,
Their angry hearts no pity knew ;
“ Father forgive them,” was His cry,
“ They know not what they do.”

Go, seek thy little brother's side,
And press to his thy rosy cheek,
And whisper the forgiveness free,
He is too proud to seek.

Then as the brightest ray from heaven
Doth on the glittering dew-drop fall,
Thy penitence shall be received,
And God forgive thee all.

THE JUDGMENT-SEAT OF CHRIST.

UP in heaven, up in heaven,
In the bright place far away,
He whom bad men crucified,
Sitteth at His Father's side,
Till the judgment-day.

And He loves His little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the great God of heaven
That their sins may be forgiven,
And He hears their prayer.

Never more a helpless baby,
Born in poverty and pain,
But with awful glory crowned,
With His angels standing round,
He shall come again.

Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
And the good souls shall rejoice ;
Parents, children every one,
Then shall stand before His throne,
And shall hear His voice.

And all faithful holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done,
Shall appear at His right hand,
And inherit the fair land
That His love has won.

"NEARER TO THEE."

NEARER, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee !

And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky ;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee !

FREE GRACE.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain
For all that believe,
Christ hath opened a fountain,
For sin and uncleanness,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation :

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has brought us a pardon,
We'll praise Him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

Ye souls that are wounded,
To the Saviour repair,
Now He calls you in mercy—
And can you forbear ?
Though your sins are increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them
In streams from the fountain.
Hallelujah, etc.

With joy shall we stand,
When escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands
We'll praise Him the more ;
We'll range the sweet plains
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
Forever and ever
Hallelujah, etc.

AFFLICTION.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He feels my griefs, He sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do ;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile
Divides me for a little while ;

Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

PRAYER FOR STRONG FAITH.

OH ! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ;

That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled ;
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying-bed.

Lord, give us such a faith as this ;
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

THE GARDEN OF GRACE.

A GARDEN fenced from common earth
By special sovereign grace ;
Enriched with plants of heavenly birth,
The Church of Jesus is.

His Gospel is the open sky,
His love the shining sun ;
Rivers of peace which never dry,
Through all this garden run.

Here love appears a fruitful vine,
From Christ the bleeding root,
Enduring life and sap divine,
And bears immortal fruit.

Assurance like a cedar rears
Her stately branches high
Above the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.
Faith like an ivy, on the rock
That stands forever, cleaves,
And through the tempest's loudest shock,
Eternal calm perceives.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way ;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day.
Fiends, loud howling in the desert
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

O young Christians ! are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ?

Doth your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to His throne,
He who dyed His garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone :

He whose thunders shake creation,
He who bids the planets roll,
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose hand supports the pole.
Round Him are ten thousand angels
Ready to obey command ;
They are always hovering round you
Till you reach that heavenly land.

There on flowery hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransomed dwell on high,
Where the golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky ?

Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain ;

There they sing immortal praises—
Glory, glory is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring ;
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels can not sing.

See the heavenly host in rapture
Gaze upon this shining band ;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand !
There upon the golden pavement
See the ransomed march along ;
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

Oh ! their crowns, how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wear ;
They are gone to heavenly pastures,
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits !
Welcome to the blissful plain !
Glory, honor, and salvation !
Reign, great Shepherd, ever reign.

OUR GOD AND GUARD AND GUIDE.

God of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh ! spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore :
And Thou the Lord shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

WHAT blessings shall I ask for thee
In the sweet dawn of infancy ?
That which our Saviour at His birth
Brought down with Him from heaven to earth.

What next in childhood's April years
Of sunbeam smiles, and rainbow tears ?
That which in Him all eyes might trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth,
Where falsehood walks abroad as truth ?
By that good Spirit to be led,
Which John saw resting on his head.

What in temptation's wilderness,
When wants assail, and fears oppress ?
To wield like Him the Scripture-sword,
And vanquish Satan by "the Word."

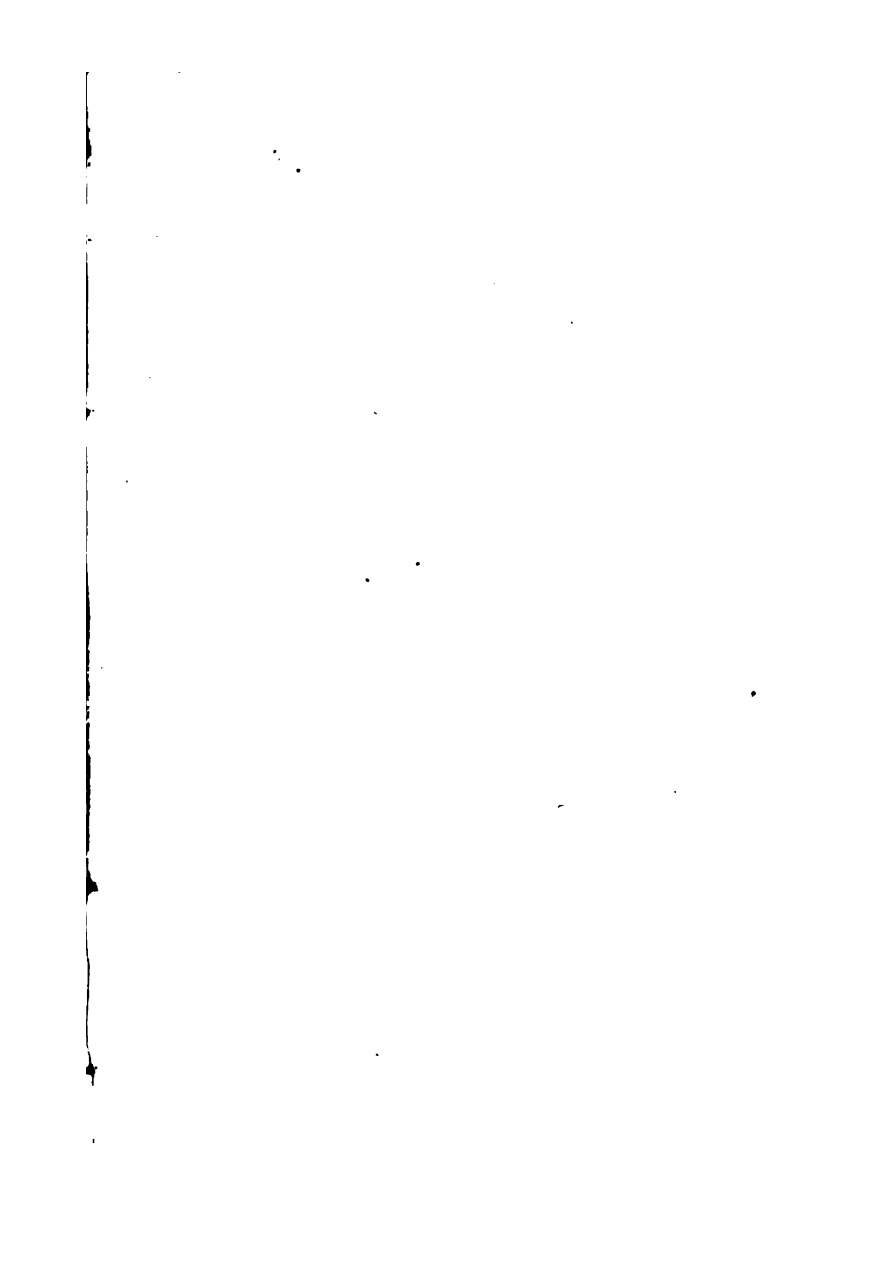
What in the labor, pain, and strife,
Combats, and cares of daily life ?
In His cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay His head.

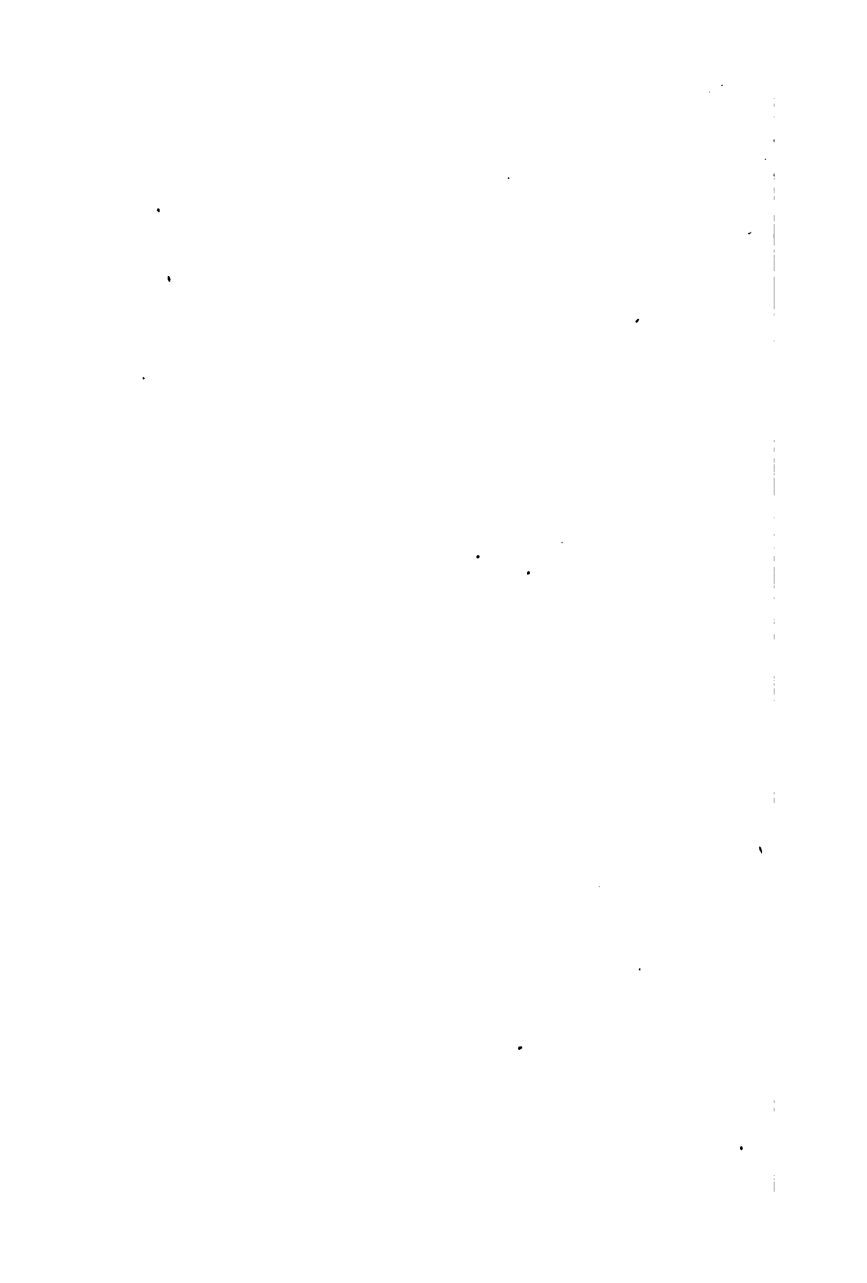
What in the agony of heart
When foes rush in and friends depart ?
To pray like Him, the Holy One,
"Father, Thy will, not mine be done."

When in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath ?

Like Him your spirit to commend,
And up to paradise ascend.

What in the grave, and in the hour
When even the grave shall lose its power?
Like Him your rest awhile to take,
Then at the trumpet's sound awake,
Him as He *is* in heaven to see,
And *as* He is, yourself to be.





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